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Agonies of an Angler.

BY JOHN QUILL.

This thing of going a fishing and calling it sport is ridiculous. Old Isaac Walton was a deceiver, and his "Complete Angler" is calculated to pervert public morals, and lead the unsuspecting astray. In my opinion it's an over-rated book, and ought to be suppressed. It encourages the idea that fishing is a genteel pastime, which affords time for meditation, and cultivates a love for the beautiful in nature.

That is all nonsense, every man knows who ever went a fishing in his life. I throw it to the sufferers if it isn't.

Don't you know that you go out and nearly burst a blood vessel digging worms for bait, and then you have to dig a hole as big as a rifle-pit before you can lay your hands on a single solitary worm?

Then when you get to the water, you very likely sit down on some blackberry bush or other, and undergo nearly as much physical suffering as you do when you stick the fish-hook into your cuticle when you are trying to put the bait on.

When you once throw in you begin to watch the cork, and you look at it hour after hour, until you nearly go blind, and you think you see about twenty corks, and as it never budes one inch all the time, you conclude there ain't any fish about, until you pull up, when you find that some well-balanced and invidious member of the fanny tribe has sucked your bait off.

After enough patient endurance to keep bobbing up and down, until at last she gives one jerk and goes under. "Got him, fly jing! Pull up, and there's a stretched little fish on the hook, that wouldn't satisfy the appetite of a sick sardine, and he cost you just fourteen worms—enough to bait a school of mackerel.

Throw in again, wait for an hour, and you don't get a single nibble.

Then you think you are safe to let go and light your pipe. No sooner do you get match lit, and you can't throw it down because it's the last one you've got, than you get a splendid bite; the cork goes clear out of sight, and before you have a chance to pick up the rod the fish gets off.

Any man who says this isn't aggravating ought to die; he isn't fit to associate with ordinary human beings.

But try to encourage yourself by saying that while there's life there's hope, and that perseverance and patience overcome all things, and by getting off a lot more of old second-class falsehoods, you throw in again.

Wait for several centuries, if you calculate according to your sufferings, and never get any bites but one on the calf of your leg from a sixty-legged spider, who has been on an exploring expedition up your pantaloons.

Then you pull out and spit on the bait for luck; may be you blow on it, if you are superstitious, and you throw in and get a bite. You pull up several hundred times and never catch him.

Then you get mad; you believe it is an eel, and you swear to catch that eel or die. You feel that life will be perfectly constituted of happiness unless you get a chance to put your grip on that eel.

At last you hooked him and drew him out. He is active and playful and vivacious. He is a wriggler, and combines himself into letters S and C and X, and runs through the alphabet generally, and slips you in the face, and gets around your legs, and covers you all over with slime.

Then he tangles your line into a hard knot, and when you get your foot on him you find he has swallowed the hook, and just as likely as not you're got to rip that eel clear open from head to tail to get it out, and when you do he will wriggle away from you and annoy you as long as you stay there.

Eels never die; immortality is their strong point, and they lay themselves out to make you abjectly miserable.

When you get all straightened out and throw in again you wait for an hour, but you only get about one first-class bite during that time. You pull up and you have on an enormous fish, and before you get him near the shore he quickly lets go his hold and drops back again into his native element.

It is rough on you, I admit, but when you go a fishing you've got to take it as it comes without growling.

How interesting it is when you have dropped the last one off, and you get another bite, to make up your mind to get this one anyhow, and then to concentrate all your strength and pull up with a violent jerk, and sling your line back on to a tree, and have it wind around the branches as tight as if it had been pulled by a steam engine, and in such a bewildering condition that you can't get it loose in a week.

This is calculated to make you use hard expressions, but not any more so than it is to have your cork drawn under gently and steadily, and go down, down, down until it is out of sight.

"A catfish, most probably," you say; "they always pull in this manner." You draw your line in gently, and the catfish tugs at the other end. "They always do this," you observe.

You pull up slowly, so as to keep him on the hook, and when you get your line out you must probably find an old snag with more branches than the Pennsylvania railroad, and covered with mud, and not a solitary fish in the neighborhood, while all the time there is a boy

only tries to insult you by asking you if you "ketches any?" but feels that he has you in his power, and makes you pay more money than you could buy out a whole oyster-sloop for.

No, I don't see any sport in it, and if I wanted to make a man utterly wretched; if I wanted to hurt his feelings and break down his spirits and ruin his morals, I would get him to go a fishing about once a week. I approve of abolishing penitentiaries and jails, and making convicts fish for the benefit of the State.

A Wild Man.

A correspondent of a Hornellsville paper tells the following veracious story:

"For the very strange story I am about to relate I scarcely expect, nor do I solicit belief. Indeed, were it not that hundreds of reliable men and women in the county of Steuben are ready and willing to vouch for its truthfulness, I would never ask you to put it in print. The facts are as follows.

"During the four weeks last past a wild man has been prowling around the woods in the towns of Woodhull and Troupsburg, in the southern part of this county, coming frequently into the highways and cleared fields, to the intense terror of women and children, and even strong men. So great is the excitement in some parts of the towns mentioned, that schools have been broken up—parents not daring to send their little ones along the public highways to the school-houses. At first the whole thing was considered by most people as a hoax, intended merely to frighten old women and children; but as many of the most prominent citizens vouched for the actual existence of the wild man, and the disturbance of the schools was making it a matter of public importance, the people of Woodhull and Troupsburg determined to do all in their power to ferret the matter out. Accordingly, on the 12th inst., about 200 men assembled at the residence of Mr. S. G. Brown, and proceeded to search the woods in that immediate locality. Under the leadership of Capt. J. J. Buchanan and the writer of this article, crowds searched

the woods for hours, but with no success, further than the finding of a camp fire and the track of a barefooted man imprinted in the soft soil of a marshy part of the forest; and the whole party, at about 3 o'clock P. M., returned to Mr. Brown's house, and getting ready their teams, started back to Woodhull village. The party had proceeded scarcely fifty rods from Mr. Brown's when on the outskirts of the wood, and within twenty rods of searchers, appeared the veritable wild man of the woods! Myself, Capt. Buchanan, and others immediately started in full pursuit. We approached within six or eight rods of this strange being without attracting his notice, when suddenly, with a wild, unearthly shriek, he notified us that we were perceived. I drew my rifle, intending to halt him or send a bullet crashing through his skull. I ordered him to halt, when he sprang with the agility of a deer toward the woods. I did not fire because on second thought I doubted my right to take the life of any human being, however wild, until he had at least violated some law.

"So far I have related facts, which will be vouched for by at least 100 persons. I will now give you a perfect description of this wild man—or animal—or 'What is it?'—as she, or it appeared to me. He was barefooted, bareheaded, and wore no clothing except an old pair of soldier's pants; his hair, which was black, sprinkled with gray, was from two to three feet long, frizzly and matted, hanging over his neck, face, shoulders, and back, reaching half way to the ground; his beard reached to the waistband of his pants, and was jet black; this together with a springing, jerking hitch in his gait, gave him more the appearance of a wild animal than a human being; and though I am not of a nervous temperament, may all the saints in heaven shield and defend me from ever meeting such a ghastly looking being face to face again! The long, matter hair; the thick, black, uncombed beard; the wild, glaring, blood-shot eyeballs, which seemed bursting from their sockets; the savage, haggard, unearthly countenance; the wild, beastly appearance of this thing whether man or animal, has haunted me continually by day and night; and I do not wonder that when this strange being rapped on the school house windows, children were frightened half out of their senses, and refused to be pacified; for, although I have seen the chiefs of fifty different tribes of Rocky Mountain Indians, painted for the war path, and have looked with wonder on the stuffed gorilla, Barnum's 'What is it,' the man monkey, &c., I never beheld anything in the human form half as hideous as the wild man of Woodhull woods.

"I will close by saying that twenty-five years ago a man named William Little suddenly disappeared from Woodhull, and has never been heard of since; and as the farm on which the wild man spends most of his time was formerly owned by the absentee, it is supposed by some that the wild man is none other than William Little himself, returned in this disguise to the home of his youth. But I hardly think this theory the true one. I do believe, however, that a woman and a baby are somewhat mixed up in the matter."

A Fast Prince.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes:

The public talk is Ireland, but the private theme is the Prince of Wales. When the dinner is over, the ladies have retired, and the gentlemen have resumed their places and their wine, his Royal Highness is sure to be very soon and very thoroughly discussed. The old rumors bearing upon his manner of life are rehearsed, and new ones are added. And, as persons are frequently present on such occasions who speak that which they know, and testify to that which they have seen, the conversation is not unfrequently of a very piquant description. One "has it from the very best authority" that the heir apparent called upon a certain very beautiful and brilliant American singer; but she, having recovered from the startlement occasioned by the presence of such a visitor, maintained her composure and self-respect, emphasized, perhaps, by a coloring of indignation. The company agree that a visit by such a visitor to such a person could have no grounds for excuse, and could have but one explanation.

tion. Another says the Governor of—told him he felt a great load of responsibility taken off when the Prince had taken his departure; for while he was under his care he didn't know what scrape his Royal Highness might indulge in; and a third informs us that another earl's daughter has gone to Paris to cover her shame and the Prince's crime, and a fourth relates that the other day one of his maid servants said to his wife: "Missis, is there anything the matter with the Prince of Wales?"

"Why do you ask, Biddy?"

"O, because, ma'am, I heard one man say in the hounibus to another that he'd better mind or he'd get shot yet."

"So you see," added the gentleman, "these stories must be circulating among the lower classes if they are discussed in the busses." The same speaker continues: "I recollect seeing the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh step up to a group of ladies in the Botanic Gardens, and enter into conversation with them without removing their cigars from their mouths. Indeed, they smoked right in the ladies' faces. Now, either the ladies were not 'ladies,' or the former were not gentlemen."

"Well," says a titled gentleman of high station and character, "one thing is certain, England will not tolerate another George IV. A licentious court in this country would produce a revolution. We have seen an end of the Georges as far as their vices are concerned."

"But the King's licentious courses would be more covered now than in the time of George IV, and so, however the people might suspect, they could not feel sure."

"Don't you believe it. With our freedom of speech, liberty of the press, and popular jealousy of the privileged classes, there would be no keeping the court veiled from the people. They would see through it, and go through it without much provocation."

Such is the outline (I dare not print any more than the outline) of a conversation which is a conversation highly specimentary of what is talked all over England, in dining hall and servants' hall, in omnibus and club room by your West End host as he touches glasses with you, and by your East End shop-keeper as he tells his tale of woe inflicted by a wandering count and prodigal prince, by your barber as he cuts your hair, and your Turkish bathist as he rolls you over on the marble slab.

GIANTS.—In a recent lecture a distinguished gentleman said:

The giant exhibited at Rouen in 1830, measured nearly eighteen feet.

Goradius saw a girl that was ten feet high.

The giant Calabra, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Caesar was ten feet high.

Fannius, who lived in the time of Eugene II, measured eleven and a half feet.

The Chevalier Sero, in his voyage to the peak of Teneriffe, found, in one of the caverns of that mountain, the head of Gunic, who had sixty teeth, and was not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferragus slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high.

In 1814, near St. German, was found the tomb of the giant Isorant, who was not less than thirty feet high.

In 1580, near Rouen, was found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was nineteen feet high.

The giant Bacart was twenty-two feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1804 near the river Moder.

In 1820, near the castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty feet long, sixteen wide and eight high, on which was cut in gray case these words, "Kintolachus Rex." The skeleton was found entire twenty-five and a quarter feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast bone to the back.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high; and in 1550, another thirty-four feet long.

Near Mazrine, in Sicily, in 1815, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high; the head was the size of a hog's head, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

A new disease has broken out among the cattle in Illinois, which carries them off in a few hours.

SUT LOVENGOOD AT A CANDY PULL.—I had a heap of trouble last Christmas, and I tell you how it happened. Deken Jones gave a candy pullin, and I got a stol, as they say in North Karline, and so I goes. Sister Poll and me went together, and when we got to ole man Jones the house was chuck full. Dog mycats of there was room to turn round.

There was Suse Harkins, these as big as a skinned horn, and sixtyther Harkinses, and all the Scrogginses and Williamses, and Simmonses, and Pedigrews, and the school master and his gal, besides the ole Deken and the Dekenses, and enough little Dekenses to set up a half dozen young folks in the family business.

Well, bymeby the pot begun to bile, and then the fun begun. We all got our plates redde, and put flour on our hands to keep the candy from stickin, and then we pitched into pullin. Wozent it fun? I never saw sich lamu and cuttin up in all my born daze. I made a candy bird for Em Simmons. Her and me expects to trot in double harness one of these daze. She made a candy goose for me. Then we got throwin 'candy balls into one another's hair, and a runnin from one side of the house to tother, and out into the kitchen, till everything on the place was all over gumbled with candy.

I set on a pine bench, and Em Simmons sot close to me. Suse Harkins, onfound her plecter, throwd a candy ball sock into one of my ize. I made a bulge to run arter her, and heerd sumthin rip. My stars alive? Wozent I pickled? I looked around and thar was the gable cend of my bran sew britches a stickin to the pine bench. I backed up agin the wall sorter craw-fish like and grinned.

"Sut," ses sister Poll, "what's the matter?" "Shet up," says I.

"Sut," says Em, "Come away from that wall, you'll git all over greasy."

"Let her grease!" says I, and I sot down across a tub feelin worse than an old maid at a wedden. Purty soon, I felt somethin hurt, and purty soon it hurt agin. Ice—whiz! I jumped ten feet high, kicked over the tub, out fluo ole Jones Christmas turkey, and you ought to a seed me git. I cut for tall timber, jumped staked and ridered fences and smashed down brush like a runaway horikan till I got home, and went to bed and staded there two daze.

Of ole dekin Joneses barn burns down next winter, and ime arrested for it, and enybudy peers as a witness agin me, ile bust his doggoned head! Them's my sentiments.

SUT LOVENGOOD.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN LONDON.—A WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.—A terrible domestic tragedy has just transpired within the limits of the city of London.

By the first post yesterday morning a letter reached the hands of the police at the Smithfield Station, informing them that their services would be required at ten o'clock that morning, at a certain house in Hosier lane. Two police officers at once went to the spot, and, having forced an entrance into the dwelling, found the whole of the inmates dead, consisting of a man, his wife and six children. All were in bed, the man by himself in a back room, and the woman and the children in the front room on the same floor. A medical man was called in and it soon became evident that death in every instance had resulted from the use of prussic acid. In each case death must have been almost instantaneous, and there is reason to suppose that the mother and children perished some hours before the man. There is no doubt that the man himself wrote the letter to the police, and that he was the prime agent in the dreadful tragedy, though it is suggested that the wife may have participated in the crime, either actively or by consent. The name of the family is Duggin, and the man had been for some time in the employ of a manufacturing firm in the same street. Duggin is said to have been about thirty, and his family ranged from babyhood up to twelve or thirteen years of age. It was asserted that he was seen walking out with his children late on Sunday evening, and that a light was noticed in one of the windows of the house at four o'clock yesterday morning.

The letter written to the police spoke of another one sent to Duggin's brother in Bristol, which it was said would give full particulars of the affair. It is thus possible that so much of mystery, as surrounds the dreadful transaction may be dissipated.—London Herald June 21.

A LADY GORED BY A DEER.—The Savannah News of Monday says: "At an early hour yesterday morning, as a lady, residing in the Southern part of the city, was returning from early mass at St. John's (Catholic) Church, through Liberty-street, she was attacked by a deer kept by a gentleman in that vicinity, and which had, in some way, got into the street. The lady was knocked down, her clothes badly torn, and her face and head quite severely scratched and bruised, a ring being torn from one of her ears. Deer, while young, are gentle and harmless, but, as they grow strong, they become vindictive and dangerous, and frequently do much mischief. Those who keep such dangerous pets should see that they are properly secured within their enclosures."

The wife of a farmer named Hurst lost her life in a singular manner, near Wilmington, Delaware, on Tuesday. On that morning Mrs. Hurst, in lowering some butter from the cellar down into the well, lost her balance and fell into the well. She gave alarm, and her husband ran to her assistance. He managed to get her to the top of the well, when her hold gave way and she fell back again. A second time he raised her slowly to the top, and once more she fell back into the water, and by the time that assistance had arrived, and she was hoisted for the third time, she was found to be dead. Deceased was a woman of about middle age.

MURDER AT ASHEPOO.—From a gentleman from that section of the country, we learn that on Tuesday last a most diabolical murder was committed near Ashepoos Ferry, on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad. Four negro men were in a field together when an altercation ensued, brought on by jealousy, which resulted in the shooting of one of the men by another. After the murderer was shot, the two other negroes beat in his skull, and hacked off his arms and legs with hoes, and having buried him fled. We learn that the two men who beat and buried the body have been arrested, and that the man who shot him has escaped.—Charleston Courier.

IMPRESSIONS AT FIRST SIGHT.—This subject at the supper table was getting talked "over," when the lady who presided "o'er the cups and tea," said "she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and that idea she found was generally a correct one."

"Mamma!" said her youngest son, in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well, my dear," said the fond mother, "what do you want?"

"I want to know what you thought when you first saw me?"

There was no answer to this query, but we learn that "Charlie" was taken into the kitchen immediately by the servant.

A hard-shell baptist preached in Washington city lately, and took for his text, "God made man in his own image." He then commenced, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Then he made a long pause, and looked searchingly about the audience, and exclaimed, "But I opine God almighty hasn't had a job in this city for nigh on to fifteen years."

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long, and so thick you could not see the sun through it.

"Don't believe it," was the reply.

"Wa'al," said the narrator, "you're a stranger and I don't want to quarrel with you; so to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile in the thinnest part."

"Well, madam, how's your husband to-day?"

"Why, doctor he is no better."

"Did you get the leeches?"

"Yes, but he only took three of them raw; I had to fry the rest!"

SMART RETORT.—"How long can a fool live?" asked a lawyer of a witness that he was examining. I don't know, I am sure replied the witness. "How long have you lived?"

Petticoat influence is supreme in Paris. The red flag parade in the Quartier Belleville, during the election riots, was a red crinoline mounted on a broom. Five hundred thousand people flocked in the streets to see it. Such is the power of crinolines.

HON. T. J. ROBERTSON, U. S. Senator from South Carolina.—The Hon. T. J. Robertson, United States Senator from South Carolina, en route to California, overlaid, called yesterday on W. N. Marsh, Esq., Wilson Hill, and they spent the day in visiting the objects of interest in Cincinnati and its suburbs, Avondale Spring, Grove Cemetery, Clifton, &c. In the city they visited the Commercial Hospital and other places of interest, and then through the Queen City.

In the evening, in the company of Mr. Marsh and Dr. E. W. Wheeler, Mr. Robinson made his appearance before the residence of Mr. Marsh, and after a pleasing serenade by Mentor's celebrated band, the Senator made a few well-timed and appropriate remarks, inviting all who wished to migrate to the most beautiful portion of our noble Union to come to South Carolina, where they could find cheap and good lands, and a fine, healthy climate. He cordially invited persons of both parties, promising them perfect freedom of speech and opinion. He urged them to come and investigate the political and financial condition of the South, promising them they had nothing to fear, and would be hospitably welcomed.

After the Senator's speech, which was warmly applauded, the party were invited to partake of an abundant supply of native wine, still and sparkling Catawba, champagne, sherry, &c. After which the Senator was escorted to the Burnside House, and took the 7 A. M. train to day for Washington, D. C.—Cincinnati Times, July 7.

Victor Emanuel's abdication is looked for.

An addition to the former royal family of Spain is expected.

A Pittsfield farmer claims a kind of a potato "just fifteen minutes earlier than the Early Rose."

Thomas F. Bell, a well-known auctioneer bookseller in Philadelphia, is dead.

It is stated that there are seven thousand Americans now acting with the insurgents in Cuba.

There was a frost in Northern Pennsylvania, Monday night, 5th instant.

A new shot-tower at Chicago is 200 feet high, cost \$50,000, and can make 80 tons of shot a day.

Distilling whiskey from garbage has been invented in Cincinnati.

About four hundred American families are sojourning at Dresden.

Jacob Cram, Esq., a prominent citizen of New York, died on Wednesday, aged 87 years.

Gen. Bragg and family are spending the summer at Chalybeate Spring, Macon County, Ga.

A Nebraska editor says "hell is trueless," and taking that original assertion for a text, he warmly exhorts his readers to "plant trees," in order to make a difference between Nebraska and hell.

The Reuter Telegraph Company, it is announced, has been awarded an indemnity of \$3,630,000, under the law of Great Britain, by which the Government has taken possession of the telegraph lines.

San Francisco is extending out to sea. The sale of lots that are entirely covered by water, and over many of which steamers daily pass, amounted, at last accounts, to \$63,000.

Ex-King George, of Hanover, and all his family very naturally hate Bismarck and the King of Prussia. They go so far as to have caricatures of the detested beings on the dishes from which they take their food.

Milwaukee claims to be the banner circus city of the Union. Managers cannot accommodate more than a fraction of those who wish to fatten, the country turning out a real Peace Jubilee crowd.

Jennie June sums up an article on the woman question in these words: "The modern wife, who demands everything, but gives nothing in return, is a libel upon womanhood, and has a claim upon nothing but toleration or contempt."

An India Rubber Belt four feet wide, three hundred and twenty feet long, and weighing 3,800 pounds, has recently been manufactured for a Grain Elevator at Buffalo. It is said to be the largest belt in the United States.

The cabbage fly, which is very destructive to cabbage and cauliflower plants, has made its appearance in Maine. It was first seen in America in Quebec in 1854, and was probably brought to the State in grain from Canada. It resembles the common butterfly in general appearance.